

Butterfly || kny crack crossover fanfiction

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Butterfly || kny crack crossover fanfiction

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Summary

[kny crack crossover fic] ft. tmnt

" God has granted me patience but it's running low. You are now a victim of my raging crime.

" Shinobu chanted, closing her eyes as if she was praying.

After that, she stabbed Raphael.

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- Kocho Shinobu somehow finds herself 91 years into the future, not in Japan, and stumbled upon 4 demon-looking ninja turtles.

- short, crack crossover fanfiction between demon slayer and teenage mutant ninja turtles

- stress-relief kind of fic I write I just want a crossover fic

Chapter 1



Shinobu stretched her arms, a yawn made its way out her mouth as she rubbed her eyes. Even without looking to the mirror on the wall, she knew that there should be dark circles under her eyes. Knowing such, she gave a displeased grunt, remembering of the Hashiras meeting tomorrow. Oyakata-sama surely would ask for her to pay more attention on resting when she needs to.

The rests she sacrificed was all for the sake of defeating demons. Her tired eyes traveled on the bag laying lazily on the desk, inside filled with various of new, yet to be tested, self-made poisons. Shinobu rest her head in one hand, a satisfied smile on her lips. Give it a week and she'd have a mission to attend with enough poison preparation.

The tired woman noticed the small wooden box she had put under the desk and her eyes squinted slightly. Uzui's wives had visited her this morning, getting on their knees as they apologized for what their husband had done. Uzui had apologized before himself, but his wives felt so embarrassed and shameful that they seek Shinobu and Aoi to say sorry.

Shinobu grunted, dragging out the box from under the desk. It would be another hundred of years before she could fully forgive the Sound Hahsira. His action to Aoi and the girls were so unnecessary, he should've notified her first when getting help for his mission! The woman made a mental note to reward Tanjirou and his friends for saving her girls later, after they healed from their injuries.

Opening the lead, she saw the box was stacked full with shuriken, the ninja weapon or also known as the throwing stars. She plucked out one, careful not to slice her fingers with the sharp metal. They looked brand new and polished, small enough for her to throw easily. She could dip the tips with paralysed poison and tested it on Uzui himself.

Closing back the box, Shinobu turned her gaze towards the clock on the wall; it was 2 in the morning. She had lost track again when she was working those new poison. An annoyed grumble came out of her throat, remembering that she had a meeting with a foreign botanist tomorrow after lunch to discuss on a venomous plant she intended to buy from them.

" 4 hours sleep...better than not sleeping. " She muttered, getting on her feet.

Shinobu remembered slipping out of the office into her room, changing into her sleeping yukata and went to bed immediately. That was all.

Was it?

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If that was it, how come she found herself in her corps uniform, her sword on her side, the bag filled with poison slung over her shoulder, and the box with shuriken on her feet?

" *What on earth...?* " She raised her hands, feeling her head. Her hair was up in her usual style with the butterfly pin clipped on.

Looking around, Shinobu noticed that she was in an unfamiliar, dark alley. The only light source came from the street light outside. Everything was so different and so strange.

A demon attack? She thought at first, thinking it might be a blood demon art. But she always put wisteria scent candles around her estate, even in every rooms and windows. Nevertheless, she couldn't just stand still and waited for danger to come.

Shinobu looked around and noticed a staircase on the side of the building, leading to the roof. She was grateful to be in her uniform, it would be harder to move in her sleeping robe anyway. The woman moved quickly, not even the slightest noise was made as she landed on the roof skillfully.

When she turned around, the view took away her breath. She seemed to be in a city, by the look of the tall skyscrapers and other buildings. Problem was, she didn't know which city she was in. Her attention diverted towards the chatting coming from the street, she saw a couple of men laughing loudly, seemingly drunk by the way they walked and talked.

" *They're speaking English.* " Her eyes widened. Even before becoming a slayer, Shinobu was taught the basic of other languages, mainly because her parents had a clinic before and there were a few foreign patients coming in sometimes.

So she probably wasn't even in Japan. Shinobu went to the edge of the roof, squinting her eyes as she stared at the sign boards on next building. Everything was written in english. How come she got teleported from Japan to a different country?

A loud screaming came from the alley that she was in before. Looking down, she saw a group of men cornering a terrified woman. They taunted her, talking in sick voice that made Shinobu recoil. Ugh, even in this place, some boys couldn't leave women alone, could they?

Shinobu had left the shuriken box behind a dumpster can down there, so her first idea of throwing blades to the men wouldn't work anyway. She sighed and placed her hand on the tilt of her sword, turning the tilt so she could change the poison she would be using.

Once one of the man grabbed the poor woman's arm, the Hashira leaped off from the roof, drawing out her sword. Everyone turned their heads towards her, pausing.

" Now, now, that is no way to treat a lady, no? " Shinobu displayed her usual smile. Before they could even react, she swiftly pricked the tip of her sword into each of the men's skin, injecting her poison.

She was aware of the corps rule on not attacking humans, but there was always exception. And it wasn't as if she always follow the rule. There were a few occasions where some idiots need a stab from her sword for them to get in touch with reality.

Eyes wide, mouth opened, the men gave a small shiver before crashing on the ground, the paralysed poison forbidding them to move their muscles. Shinobu smiled, feeling quite proud that she managed to balance the dose of the liquid so she wouldn't accidentally overdose and killed them.

The woman she saved engulfed the Hashira in a hug, " Oh, thank you! I was so scared! "

" Your welcome, " Shinobu patted the woman's arm, her tongue was familiar with her speaking English, thanks to her delicate studying and speaking to foreign sometimes, " you should go home, now. It's dangerous outside. "

The woman nodded and hurried off. Shinobu was about to slide her sword back into its sheath, if it wasn't for the sudden gut feeling she had. Her hair stand up on the back of her neck, a feeling that she was being stared at came.

Her purple eyes snapped to the rooftop she was on just now. Under the moonlight, she saw 4 dark silhouette leaning down. Upon seeing that she noticed their presence, they immediately retreated back. Shinobu hummed and looked at the box she hid.

She took out the throwing stars, hiding some in her belt and the rest in her bag, before making her way up to the rooftop. For a moment, she saw no one. Then, her eyes noticed the movements of people jumping from roof to roof, exactly about 4 people.

Normal people wouldn't jump on the roof. Shinobu hummed and began to chase after them, clicking back her sword in the sheath. She needed to make sure that those guys were either friends or foe. If she got lucky, maybe they were friends and could help with her situation.

" Ah, I should've asked the woman about my whereabouts. " She returned back to her language, speaking under her breath and regretted not thinking if this earlier. *" Let's hope that*

those guys can help me. "

She fastened her steps, now managing to catch up with those mysterious people. Her presence was noticed, when one of them pointed at her and notified the others.

" Excuse me! " She raised her voice. " I am quite lost here, maybe you can help me? "

Those people began to slowed down, indicating that they were willing to listen. Shinobu sighed in relief. She made her way to the building they had stopped on, her hoari gracefully flickered to the wind, making it seemed like butterfly wings to her.

As she landed softly on the rooftop, she could hear one of them went " Wow..."

She straighten her pose and smiled at them. " Good evening, my name is Kocho Shinobu. It would be great for me to know who are you, why were you looking at me just now, and where am I. Specifically, the city and county I am in. "

The 4 people were still hiding in the shadow, so Shinobu wasn't able to take a good look on them. They seemed to share glances, but then one pipe out rather cheerfully.

" Hey there! The name's Michaelangelo! These are my brothers; Leonardo, Donatello and Raphael. Quick note, Raphy can be quite scary but don't take it too seriously! " He gestured to each of them, helping her recognizing who is who without seeing their faces.

" Nice intro, Mikey." Another one grumbled and smacked him in the head.

" You're in New York City of the United States, miss Shinobu. " Donatello answered.

At this, Shinobu froze. New York City? That's quite far away from her homeland. Just how on earth did she ended up here?

" We're sorry if we're creeping you out, " Leonardo said, " we heard the screaming and would've helped that woman if it wasn't for you to take the first step. "

" Dudette! You were so cool! " Mikey threw up his arms. " Knocking them out so fast that I only blinked once and they were all on the ground already! "

His excitement made him took a step out from the shadow, much to his brothers dismay. Raphael quickly dragged him back in, but it was too late. Shinobu had seen the green, tree toes foot that stepped out of the shadow.

" *Demons.* " She concluded, the friendliness in her eyes vanished. " My, how come you never told me you're not humans? "

" Because...you'll freak out? " Donatello said.

Shinobu drew out her sword, a menacing smile on her face.

" Believe me, it would take way more than a couple of demons to freak me out. "

Chapter 2

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" Demons? " Leonardo wondered out loud. " We're not...demons."

" You know, where I come from, when a creature wanders around at night, non human being, and has a high possibility of being hostile, " Shinobu spun the sword in her hand, " we call those demons. Man-eating demons. "

Raphael snickered, " Look who's being hostile now. If ya' want a fight, then ya' get it. " Metal clinking was heard as he fished out something from his belt.

Leonardo shouted for him to stop, but his brother ignored him. With a grunt, Raphael leaped out of the shadow and swung a sai towards Shinobu. The woman dodged easily, her foot kicked his shin, making him kneeling onto the ground before sending a forceful kick towards his chest.

Now out of the shadow, she could see what the creature was. Green skin, armed with protection gears as well as ninja weapon, groaning on the ground was a human sized turtle. Raphael wore a red bandana mask round his face.

" Ya' know..." He rose back up to his feet, " that doesn't hurt so much. To be expected from a twig-like person anyway. "

Oh.

Shinobu's eye twitched. She inhaled deeply, breaking her fighting stance and clasped her hands together. When someone commented on her small frame, she usually ignored them. But her mental state right now wasn't at best. She was tired, confused and growing more irritated.

" God has granted me patience but it's running low. You are now a victim of my raging crime. " Shinobu chanted, closing her eyes as if she was praying.

After that, she stabbed Raphael.

She was fast all right, quick enough to catch him off guard. But she had no intention to kill Raphael off, so she just pricked the tip of her sword on his skin -- enough to go through it but didn't caused any serious bleeding. Despite the small jab, the poison was the thing that alerted his pain sense. The other brothers snapped out of their trance at the sound of Raphael crying out in pain. Leonardo drew out a pair of katana and lunged at Shinobu, forcing her away from Raphael. Michaelangelo joined him, while Donatello went to aid his brother. Shinobu noticed that each of them wore different coloured masks; blue for Leonardo, purple for Donatello and orange for Michaelangelo.

" Not cool dudette! " Michaelangelo spun nunchucks at his side, upset that his brother was harmed. " We didn't even do anything! "

" Being demons are already enough reason for me to attack you." Shinobu huffed.

" We're not demons! " Leonardo snarled.

" Guys! He's poisoned! " Donatello cried out. " It looks like he's been injected by something, I think the poison causes him the most pain instead of the stab. " Raphael was twitching, his eyes wide, grunting, and he looked quite in a pain.

At this, the blue masked turtle pointed one of his sword at Shinobu. " What did you stab him with? "

" Self-made poison." She replied coolly. " If you're not demons, then what are you? "

" We're mutants, dudette! Mutant ninja turtles! Haven't heard of mutants? " Michaelangelo claimed, sneaking to place himself behind the woman, blocking her from escaping.

Shinobu raised her eyebrows at this. They could be lying *or* telling the truth. The poison she injected to Raphael didn't have enough dose to kill him; but if he wasn't given the antidote fast enough, even Shinobu wasn't so sure on what would happened. This was a new sample poison she hadn't tested yet. The only way for her to know if they were demons or not, if they could walk under the sun. But it looked like another few hours until the sun rise.

Her hand went into her bag and fished out another new invention. It was a smoke bomb, in the shape of small bullet-like sphere, but filled with wisteria pollen dust instead. She just made 3 prototypes but wasn't sure it it would work.

" If you're not demons, then stay still. " She threw the small sphere onto Leonardo's feet.

Instantly, purple smoke exploded and a sweet smell filled the air. The blue masked turtle coughed, as his brothers cried out his name in surprise. Shinobu counted the seconds ticking by, eyes observing. The smoke cleared and the mutant turtle swapped his hand in front of his face, still violently coughing.

" Leo! Are you okay? That is some sweet-smelled smoke. " Michaelangelo sniffed the air.

" Y-yeah, " Leonardo wheezed, " what was that? "

Normal demon would have gotten on their knees, hands around their neck as they choked on their own blood by being poisoned from the wisteria. While wisteria is still poisonous to normal human, she made sure the amount of dose in it wouldn't be too lethal nor harmful for humans. Maybe even animals wouldn't be too affected, thus, Shinobu didn't see any reaction coming from the turtle, so she concluded that they were telling the truth.

" I guess none of you were lying." She mumbled under her breath, taking out a small glass vial from her pocket and tossed it to Donatello. " Catch the antidote. "

He swiftly caught it, and after a few seconds of giving suspicious look, uncorked the vial and poured the liquid inside his brother's mouth. After some moment, Raphael stopped twitching and his breathing became stable. The turtle brothers sighed in relief when Donatello gave a smile that meant he would be okay.

Raphael grunted. " Damn, woman, that's some serious thing you stabbed me with. And I ain't even bleeding that much. " He looked down at the spot he was stabbed at, where there was a small slice cut. Small cut, yet forbidden him to functionally moved his body for a few minutes.

Shinobu lowered her head. " I owe you an apologize. I was only being cautious. "

Donatello helped Raphael getting into a sitting position, the red masked turtle coughed out, " *Paranoid*, not cautious. "

" Do *all* demons look like us, miss Shinobu? " Donatello wondered.

" Sometimes. Demons can also look like normal human beings, but they can never walk under the sun nor being near wisteria plants as it is deadly poisonous for them. As a Hashira, it is my duty to slay the demons after all. "

Leonardo perked up. " Hashira? I've heard of that word..."

Michaelangelo snapped his fingers. " Isn't Hahsira are those high-ranked people in the story master Splinter used to tell us about? What's the story again? "

The brothers exchanged looks and then chorused together, " *The Demon Slayers* "

" You've heard of us? " Shinobu's eyes widened. " It's an unofficial organization in Japan. I don't recall having any slayers out of the country. "

" Wait, how is it still operating? Master Splinter told us it's already disbanded after the final battle. " Donatello said, adding more shock for Shinobu.

" Maybe we should bring her to master Splinter! He can help! " The cheerful turtle suggested.

Raphael snapped. " Bro, she stabbed me and you wanna bring her to our home? I say we leave her on her own! "

While her mind was burning with curiosity on how their master knew about the organization, Shinobu knew how dangerous it would be for the turtles if they decided to bring her to their master. They didn't know about her that much, nor that they trusted her. She also had made a bad first impression by stabbing their brother. It's quite a miracle that one of them even suggested to help her. Are they the trusting type? Perhaps not, they looked intelligent enough.

" Understandable, I shall take my leave now...I am sorry for the misunderstanding. " Shinobu nodded, turning around. Maybe she can find something else to help her getting back home --

" Wait, " Leonardo, seemingly the leader, " I agreed with Mikey. Master Splinter needs to meet her. "

" And risking her attacking *again*?! "

" Not this time. Do I have your word that you wouldn't harm any of us? "

Shinobu considered this. Clearly they weren't a threat to her, and was kind enough to offer help even after she accused them for being demons. She looked back at the turtles and nodded.

" You have my word. "

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The turtles had their home located in the sewer, much to Shinobu's dismay. Having to work around plants and poison, her nose had become sensitive to scent. Not as well as Tanjirou's, but the sewer's smell made her felt so sick she had to close her mouth to avoid puking over, not uttering any words as she arrived at their place. Raphael suggested for them to confiscated her belongings as extra precaution. While Shinobu wasn't down with the idea, she understood his intention. Of course, it wasn't like she had no extra blades hidden in her haori or sandals, but the turtles didn't need to know that.

" Home sweet home! " Michaelangelo threw out his arms, a proud tone in his voice. " What do you think? Cool, huh? "

Shinobu only smiled at him, now wondering if she should've breathed through her mouth instead. As if knowing the cause of her stiffness and silence, Leonardo gestured towards a room. He held onto her sword, while Donatello had her satchel. Michaelangelo offered to carry the satchel, but his brother refused and Shinobu felt like that was the right decision; the orange masked turtle looked too energetic to be trusted with a bag filled with poison.

" We put candles scent in the dojo. You can wait there while we go fetch sensei. "

" Thanks. " Shinobu mumbled, letting her hosts leading her into the dojo.

Behind her, Raphael huffed. " I still think this is a bad idea. "

Donatello placed a hand on his brother's shoulder. " Well, it's also thanks to her that you're not in pain anymore. "

" Don't forget miss bug here stabbed me first! " The red masked turtle angrily gestured to his bandaged wound.

" You're doing okay there, Raphie? Need a kiss on the boo-boo so it would go away? " Michaelangelo scooted closer, teasing, but his brother roughly pushed him aside.

" *Who stabbed Raphael?* "

Everyone turned their head towards the voice. Walking towards them, was the largest rat Shinobu had ever seen. He must be a mutant as well, and this Splinter that the turtles were talking about. She took note on how he looked old and carried a wooden cane. He was

dressed in a yukata, contrary to the turtles who were -- she shook her head, not wanting to feel disturbed by such thought.

" It was a misunderstanding." Leonardo cleared his throat. " She already apologized and helped with mending Raph. "

Shinobu dipped down her head in respect towards the rat. " Pardon my unannounced presence, my name is Kocho Shinobu. "

" Kocho...Shinobu? " Splinter's eyes widened. " The Insect Hahsira? "

The turtles, plus Shinobu, exchanged confused looks. Michaelangelo asked, " You know her, master Splinter? "

" Do you not remember the story I told you when you were children, my sons? About the golden age of the demons and the slayers? Of the glorious final battle where they defeated the demon king decades ago? " The rat looked at the turtles one by one.

Decades ago?

Shinobu began to frown. "...The year. What year is it presently?"

" Did you knocked yourself and went into a coma or something? " Raphael snorted. " It's year 2003, miss bug. "

Ignoring the nickname he had given to her, Shinobu did some quick counting. She was 91 years ahead from her original timeline! A sudden headache caused her frown to deepen. She massaged the bridge of her nose, a sudden irritation built inside her mixed with confusion and fatigue.

" I must be dreaming." She sighed under her breath.

" I am afraid not." Splinter said and Shinobu looked at him in surprise.

" You know Japanese?"

" We've learnt it since we were like hatchlings! " Michaelangelo grinned. " It's part of growing up being ninjas, you know? "

The woman put up her hands, " Okay, okay...so all of you are...mutant ninjas? "

" We're also teenagers! Minus master Splinter. " The orange masked turtle added.

Teenagers, and they were already in massive size and height. She didn't want to imagine how they would look like as adults. Perhaps it was also due to her small size that they looked very tall -- not as tall as Gyomei, though, that man was literally a giant.

Raphael smirked, " You seem annoyed. Are you an adult? Such a small, cute bug we got here. " He was aware that sometimes teenagers can be taller than most adults, but the woman was

the shortest and smallest person he ever met. She obviously wasn't a child, that alone was a well known fact despite it not being mentioned.

Shinobu looked at him over her shoulders, crossing her arms over her chest. " Funny how this small bug here got you trembling on your knees just now. "

" *Oooh...* " The other brothers snickered as Raphael's smirk was wiped away. Before he could said something back, Splinter gave a light smack on his shell with his cane, shutting him up. The red masked turtle grumbled and stepped back.

Splinter turned to Shinobu, " Come, miss Shinobu. We have a lot to discuss. "

He headed to the dojo, the Hashira and the turtles followed suit behind him. Shinobu suddenly staggered in her steps, her headache kept getting worse. Donatello was the nearest, so upon seeing how she was swaying, he reached out an arm in front and behind in case she fell.

" Miss Shinobu? " He called, looking worried.

Shinobu took a sharp breath, her sight became blurry. She unconsciously placed one hand on the purple masked turtle's shoulder. Biting her lips, swallowing hard, she looked at him.

" *I...I need a nap.* "

She remembered falling into his arm and then darkness.

Chapter 3

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" Shinobu? "

The said person snapped opened her eyes in surprise. She was breathing rather heavily, a trickle of sweat ran down her face. Her mind was blank, slowly processing on what was going on.

" Shinobu, are you all right? "

Kanae looked at her sister in concern. She placed a hand on her forehead and the cheeks, checking her temperature. Shinobu swallowed a saliva and gently grabbed her sister's wrist.

" Ka...Kanae? " She whispered out loud.

The oldest Kocho sibling smiled softly. " You know, you don't have to force yourself going on a patrol with me tonight. "

Patrol. Oh, yeah, they were about to patrol around the area where demons were rumoured to hang around lately. Kanae was supposed to go alone originally, but Shinobu tagged along, claiming wanting to test a new poison wisteria she made.

" I am fine! " Shinobu squeaked. " I am totally fine, yeah! Let me go with you, nii-san! "

" Hmm...then, hold my hand, " Kanae closed her fingers around her sister's palm, " you look like you might pass out any moment. "

" Nii-san, I am not a baby! " The little sister pouted, but she still let her hand being held.

Kanae laughed. " You will always be my baby sister. "

Shinobu rolled her eyes, a playful smile tugged on her lips. Hands in hands, the sisters began walking together. There was a comfortable silence, only the sounds of crickets filled the night air. Shinobu was looking around when she felt her sister suddenly stopped in her steps.

" Kanae? " She turned around. " Why did you stop? We haven't arrived yet..."

It suddenly occurred to her that Kanae's skin was very cold -- as cold as ice. When she looked at her sister, Kanae was hunching over, blood dripping from an opened wound on her chest. Her long hair covered her face, but when she looked up, Shinobu saw a pair of black, lifeless eyes. A choking sound was all Shinobu could make, her eyes wide and she could no longer breathe steadily. Kanae tightened her grip on her sister's hand, speaking in a sad and chilly voice.

" You can't defeat him by yourself, Shinobu. "

"Kanae! "

Shinobu gasped loudly, her eyes snapped opened. Her heart thumped so loud she thought she could heard it in the total silence. She closed her eyes again and tried to register what happened.

New York City, mutant ninja turtles, sewer lair, headache....

Placing a hand on the temple of her head, she groaned. Of course, she passed out from fatigue. She hadn't gotten enough sleep recently, not to mention the dose of wisteria poison she taken monthly must have contributed on her fatigue. Plus, with injured slayers swarming in the estate for the last couple of weeks, with her duty as a Hashira and stuff, sometimes it was even quite hard to sit down.

What happened after she passed out anyway? Shinobu noticed the thick blanket draped over her small figure, and she was lying on the sofa. The lair was darker than she arrived first, and when she looked at a clock on a wall nearby, it was 5.15 a.m.. She didn't see any of the turtles or their master around, so everyone must have gone to bed.

A sense of guilt crept inside her. Despite her hostile attitude on their first meeting, they still offered to help her and even let her crash in for the night. Shinobu went into a sitting position, throwing off the blanket. She noticed she was in her formal white shirt, the top buttons had been off and her uniform had been folded neatly on the end of the sofa. She figured that they must've buttoned off the top ones to let her breath easier.

Rising to her feet, Shinobu folded the blanket and placed it on the sofa before making her way around the lair. She knew where the dojo was, and when she wandered to the right side, there was a spot with fridge, cabinets, a dinner table and a stove. Must be the kitchen.

Shinobu folded her shirt sleeves to the elbow. " A thank you breakfast should be okay. "

She checked the insides of the cabinets and managed to pull out some eggs, vegetables and rice, as well as a box that said pancakes. She usually had a small portion of rice served with plumps prepared with vegetables, miso soup and pan-cooked style fish. Aoi mostly did the cooking and was aware of the woman's choice of meal. Shinobu knew her cooking skills might not be as good as Aoi's but she had her experience in cooking anyway.

Deciding to do a simple breakfast of omelette, she went to find a frying pan and a cutting board. Before cutting the vegetables, she paused. Wait, do they eat food like this? She didn't know portion of meals for mutants, but maybe, they would eat what she cooked.

Shinobu cut some mushrooms, carrots and green vegetables before mixing them with the egg mixture. She located where the salt and sugar on the shelf and sprinkled just enough. Turning on the stove was a bit confusing at first, she never saw the type of brand, but luckily she managed.

5 plates of omelette were placed on the table, and Shinobu went to brew some tea. She sighed in relief that they had a few different kind of tea in the cabinet, and she chose to brew green tea for the day. She didn't feel like eating, but she knew she had to. Shinobu put on the kettle and while waiting for the water to boil, she rummaged through the cabinet again in search for snacks.

There was a box of crackers, in which she pulled out and served some in a small plate. Once the tea was ready, she took a seat on the table and helped herself with the crackers. Shinobu glanced back at the clock.

' 6.12 a.m. ' She read, munching on her breakfast.

Shinobu was sipping a cup of tea when Michaelangelo popped out his head from behind a wall, sniffing the air.

" Joy, what's this good smell? " The turtle smiled. When he saw Shinobu, his smile dropped and he hurried towards her. " Miss Shinobu! You're awake! Are you okay? "

" Better than before. " She gestured to the omelette. " Help yourself. I made tea too. "

Donatello and Leonardo walked in just as their youngest brother picked a plate of omelette for himself. They paused in their step for a moment at the sight in the kitchen.

Michaelangelo perked up. " Bros! You gotta try this! Miss Shinobu made breakfast for us! "

" So that's what the nice smell is." Leonardo got into one of the seat and looked at the woman. " Are you feeling better, miss Shinobu?"

Donatello slipped in to sit beside her. " Lucky I caught you before you crashed on the ground. Based on the symptoms, I think you have very little time to have a rest, don't you? "

" I am better than last night. You're the medic here, Donatello? " She smiled behind her cup.

" Donnie's a genius! " Michaelagelo said, his mouth full of food. " He invented super cool gadgets for us and fix us when we get injured! "

There was a hint of red appeared on the purple masked turtle as he chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. " Aww, geez. Thanks, Mikey. "

Talking about red, Raphael walked in the kitchen, sniffing the air. " Boy, that smells good. "

" Miss Shinobu cooked us breakfast." Leonardo handed his brother an omelette.

" Ya' sure she didn't put any poison in these? "

" I might put some in yours. "

" *Oooh* shivers me timbers! "

Shinobu's smile was fixed, she eyed Raphael with annoyance as he grinned. Nevertheless, he still took a seat and dived in for the food. Soon enough, master Splinter joined in the group for breakfast.

" Excellent breakfast, miss Shinobu, " the rat complimented, " how are you feeling? "

" I am feeling better. I just needed some rest. "

Michaelangelo had just finished his plate when he thought of something. He looked at Shinobu. " Say, you don't have those crackers *only* for breakfast, do you? "

All eyes turned to her. Shinobu found this rather unnerving, but she didn't falter. Finishing her tea, she turned to the mutants. " I don't have any appetite. "

Before she knew it, an empty plate was placed in front of her; the other turtle brothers who hadn't finished their breakfast began to fill in her plate with the rest of their omelette, Michaelangelo went to pour tea into her cup and Splinter cleared his throat before Shinobu could even object to this.

" You need energy, *eat*. " The stern tone in his voice reminded her of Oyakata-sama. He had no intention of letting her go without her having a proper breakfast, and neither do the turtle brothers.

Sighing in defeat, Shinobu clasped her hands together. " *Itadakimasu*. "

|||||

Before the turtles went to have their daily morning routine of training, they told Shinobu the direction of the bathroom in case she wanted to clean herself.

" Unfortunately, I don't have any spare clothes to wear. "

" *Fortunately*, a human friend of ours sometimes spend nights here. So she has clothes that she can lend to you. "

Raising an eyebrow at this, Shinobu decided to bite back any questions. She can ask how they have human friends later. She was given a direction to the spot where the clothes were stacked before they left for their training.

Something occurred inside Shinobu's mind and she quickly called for the brainy turtle. " Ah, Donatello, hold up. "

The said turtle turned around. " Donnie's just fine. Anything else you need, miss Shinobu? "

" Well, does the bathroom has high tech equipments that I need to know how to use first? "

While they hadn't exchanged stories of how Shinobu was here and how they became mutants, she did mentioned that she wasn't familiar with the present technology. Donnie nodded and guided her to the bathroom, explaining how the objects were used for and so. He also pointed the toiletries that she could use. It didn't took too long for her to understand, so after she

thanked him and watched his sight disappeared behind the wall, Shinobu immediately closed the door to have a privacy time cleaning herself.

After a hot shower, Shinobu slipped in the clothes belonged to the turtles' friend. The friend apparently seemed to be taller than her, based on the size, but Shinobu managed to make it look more neat and suitable for her small body. She looked at the mirror, drying her hair; she had chosen a white button-down shirt and a greenish brown slack pant. The shirt was quite large for her, so she decided to fold the sleeves to her elbows and tucked it in her pant.

" This will work for now. " A sigh escaped her lips as she put back her hair in usual style, butterfly clip on. She placed her uniform, neatly folded, beside the sink, making a note to take it back later.

Shinobu headed to the dojo, already hearing the grunts and smacking, as well as Splinter's stern voice on teaching moves to his sons. She wondered whether to announce her presence when Michaelangelo spotted her first and gaped at her.

" Wow..." Huh, so he was the one who said that when they first met. " I guess being elegant is in your genetic. "

Shinobu smiled in appreciation. She had been told so, being described as elegant. From the way she eats, talks, speaks...almost everyone who met her said the same thing.

What an elegant lady

Just like Kanae, Shinobu's eyebrows knitted slightly, remembering the dream she had.

" My, you have quite a sweet mouth, don't you, Michaelangelo? " She said.

" Mikey is just fine, miss Shinobu. You can call us with our short names. Leo, Raph, Donnie and me, Mikey! "

" All right then, " Shinobu went to find a spot to sit down, " please don't mind me here. Continue your training."

Splinters tapped his cane to the floor. " We can shorten our morning training for today. We can't let our guest wait any longer for explanation. "

The turtles bowed respectfully and went to take their seats on the floor. Mikey dipped on sitting beside Shinobu and whispered at her with a grin.

" Thanks, sensei was just about to kick Raphie's butt."

" You mean your butt? " Raph growled, harshly tugging the tail of his bandana mask.

Shinobu leaned closer to Donnie, who was on her right side. " Does Raph always has to treat Mikey like that? " It didn't sit right for her too much, reminding her of a certain Hashira comrade that treated his brother very harshly. Even Kanae wasn't happy with that.

" Raph is tough outside, but inside, he's a softie. " Donnie smiled, whispering back. " Don't worry, he won't take it too far. "

Right. Shinobu decided not to interfere in their family matter. Splinter took a seat in front of them, his cane laid on his side as he tapped his chin.

" Now, I understand that you want to know how we became mutants. "

He began to tell his story; of the time he was originally an ordinary rat, kept by a good master named Hamato Yoshi; how one day a tragedy strike and he couldn't saved his master; how he wandered in the street and watched 4 small turtles were separated from their owner and slid into the sewer; how their mutation was caused by a mutagen falling from a truck; how he took pity and raised the turtles until they grew up strong enough to protect the city from dangers like the shredder...

Shinobu listened to this with a disturbed look on her face. " Science and technology has come very far indeed. It displeases me that they use it for the wrong thing. "

" Yeah, humans are like that, right? Some are good and some are bad. " Raph said. " We just do our job, sweeping away the bad ones. "

" We haven't heard your side of the story yet, miss Shinobu. " Leo pointed out.

The woman sighed. " I don't have much to tell. I was working late, finishing new samples of poison. After I finished, I went to bed and the next thing I know, I am in a different country. " She thought of something. "Mr. Splinter, how did you know about the Demon Slayers? "

" Splinter is just fine. My old master used to have alliance with a ninja clan named Uzui. He had a close bond with the leader, so they shared stories. The leader told him stories of the demon slayers and I was there when he recalled the events. "

" Uzui. " Her tone had hints of annoyance as she said the name. " I know one Uzui. The Sound Hashira. He was born in a ninja clan, but he left for personal reason. We had a... disagreement before. He did something foolish and unnecessary. "

" Master Splinter used to tell us the story when we were young." Mikey hummed, rocking forward and backward in his seat. " My favorite is Rengoku Kyojuro, the Flame Hahsira! The story tells of his brave and courageous heart! "

The woman's expression softened. " Yes, he was a great man. A great friend. " She didn't show it much, but it pained her when she was informed of his death.

Kyojuro was one of those who could looked once at her and know that her smile wasn't so sincere. He didn't pressured her to tell anything to him, but sometimes he would patted her in the back and gave her encouraging words. Shinobu envied his optimistic and positive personality, how he was like a burning fire that refused to die so he could light the way for others.

" Wait guys, remember 2 days ago where we encountered Baxter Stockman? " Donnie snapped his fingers. " When we found him trying to test a new gadget but we managed to tear it to pieces before he could caused any mayhem? "

Shinobu threw a confusion look towards Leo, who mouthed, " Evil scientist. Enemy. " In which she replied with a nod.

Leo looked back at his brother. " Are you saying that Baxter was building a time machine or something? He was the cause of miss Shinobu being in a different timeline? "

" Possibly! He has quite a creative, but dark mind. "

" But didn't you said you already broke the time machine? " Shinobu asked.

" We can get to his blueprint and files be stored. He might be even rebuilding it as we speak... nothing breaks his determination. I can try build it again so you can return to your timeline."

" Wait, hold on, " Raph cut in, " ya' want to build something designed by that crazy scientist? What if the outcome would be as evil and dangerous as he is? "

Donnie smiled. " Rest assured, I'll handle that one. We just need to focus on how to get to his lab, obviously hidden in a new place and twice security measures after our break-in."

" By the way, where do you keep my stuff? " Shinobu looked around. " I need them to defend myself from enemies when we find the lab. "

" I've kept them in a good condition, let me go fetch them. " Splinter raises to his feet and went towards his room.

Mikey tilted his head at the woman. " You're tagging along? "

" Of course. " A rather irritated smile was shown on her face. " If this Stockman is the reason behind this, I need to deliver a few punches to his face. "

Raphael let out a laugh, but he quickly hid it as a violent cough. He gave Shinobu a side glance.

" Be careful not to break yer' knuckles, twig-like bug. "

Splinter returned back with Shinobu's stuff to find his hot-headed son crying out in pain with Shinobu twisting his arm on his back, the other brothers watched fearfully and made a mental note not to tick the Hashira off.

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